

enterprises." They have increased the knowledge of the world's needs. Have revealed its greatest need—that of Christ.

Civilization is impossible without Christianization. It is the Gospel that civilizes and humanizes. Dr. Storrs says: "No religion save that of the New Testament can put the moral basis beneath human society and human civilization." Every attempt to civilize without the Gospel has proved a failure. The following is an account of an experimental test made by a missionary in Africa: He selected twelve lads and took them into his service, using every possible art and influence upon them except the Gospel. When the time expired every one returned to barbarism, leaving his European clothes behind him.

James Calvert who spent his life among Fijians made this statement: "I have never talked with a single man or woman, or with a people, that civilization without Christianity has civilized. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilization in the South Seas it has been where the Gospel was preached." By it the debased are elevated, cannibals cured of their taste for human flesh, souls redeemed and nations transformed. Is it not true as Ezekiel saw in his vision, that "everything shall live whither the river cometh?"

Let us look at the progress of the work. One very significant evidence of the success of missions is the decay of heathen faiths. There is a discontent with the forms that cease to satisfy. The following appeared in a Madras paper; it voices the cry of multitudes;

"We are weary of empty creeds,
Of guides who show no man the way,
Of worship linked with lust and shame.
Life is an ill, the sea of births is wide,
And we are weary—who shall be our guide!"

Education is causing a great upheaving of old creeds and superstitions throughout India. Hinduism is in this way being undermined. The Brahmo Samaj, which is the Theistic Society of India, is an expression of this unrest and discontent. They have lost faith in Hinduism and are feeling after the truth, but are not quite able to fully accept Christianity. These Brahmos make no secret of the character of Christ, and it is said that in the home of every member may be found the picture of the "Man of Galilee." The leader of this society said: "You cannot deny that your hearts have been touched, conquered and subjugated by a superior force. That power, need I tell you, is Christ. It is Christ that rules British India and not the British government."

Another great work which the Gospel is doing is the transforming of heathen houses into homes. Woman's degradation in heathen countries is beyond power of description. She has no rights to be respected, no feelings to be regarded, no character to be protected, no honor to be defended, no opinions to be considered, and no mind to be educated. In all non-Christian lands a hundred years ago there was scarcely a woman able

to read. But the fetters have been broken from her limbs, and the burdens of a beast have been lifted from her chafed and weary shoulders. Christianity alone puts honor upon womanhood. When Dr. Duff first went to India, he said that to educate and elevate woman was as difficult as to scale a wall five hundred feet high. It is now stated that in Bengal alone there are a hundred thousand women and children under instruction.

At Beyrout, Syria, within a radius of two miles of the first missionary's grave, there are four Christian colleges, seven female seminaries, sixty boy's schools, thirty-two girl's schools, seventeen printing presses and four large hospitals. The girl's schools alone indicate a great change.

From the Samoan group of islands, with a Christian population of over thirty thousand, comes news which thrills our faith, and is a lesson to the church at home. Besides supporting their own ministry, a few years ago they sent a thank-offering, as their usual custom is, of \$1800 to the London Missionary Society. When a church member dies they still keep his name on the books, with a mark opposite, which means: "We cannot think of him as dead, either to us or to the work. We shall give a contribution in his name, that the cause may not suffer by his removal hence." And to the northwest of Samoa there are ten thousand people who have been won from heathenism by the Samoans.

The Lord Jesus Christ needs every one of us in this work. We love to read in the Gospel of our Lord's entering Jerusalem, and how the message, "The Lord hath need of them," was all that was needed by the owner of the ass and the colt to induce him to part with them, and when the message comes to us that the Lord, to whom we owe all that we are and have, needs us in this work, there can be but one response, for surely we would not withhold anything of which the Lord hath need.

"Give strength, give thoughts, give deeds,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself;
Who gives not, is not living,
The more we give, the more we live."

The following is a story told by a missionary in India, where the children are sacrificed to the sacred river Ganges:

"Back from the shore stood a low bamboo dwelling. Under the palm trees, near the mother, was swinging a cradle, in which lay a blind little girl. At her side stood the one who had come to tell of the Savior who bore the sins of the world. The Hindu woman does not heed her, and her heart is filled with sorrow. She feels that she has been unfaithful to her gods because she has kept for herself the bright, beautiful boy which lay asleep on the ground. She says, 'I have never done right, but have always kept the best for myself; the gods are angry with me.' The teacher's sweet words of comfort, telling of a loving, gentle Savior are all in vain. The woman's mind is so darkened with ignorance and superstition. The mis-

sionary turns away with a prayer for the mother, while her own heart is very heavy. That night in the soft light of the tropic moon, the sad mother comes slowly down the stone steps leading her child. She prays in a voice wild with anguish—

"I come, O broad and sacred river,
Ruler of earth and sea, behold I bring
Of all I have the dearest thing.
Oh, heed my anguish! Hear my bitter cry!
Have pity, oh, ye gods, that dwell on high.
My sins have made you angry,
But I give the best of all I love;
I cannot, cannot give him, yet I will
To save my other from greater ill."

There was a splash, and a cry rang out thru the night. Ah, none but God knoweth the sorrow and woe hidden beneath the pall of darkness and night. Early the next morning the missionary came again to her Hindu sister, who was moaning bitterly. She told her of her beautiful boy now asleep in the sacred river. The missionary was surprised, and thought she surely meant the blind little baby. But the woman replied, "Our gods must receive of the best we can give, and if we do not give it to them a curse will surely come upon us. And do you never give of your best to this Christ whom you say you love so much?" The teacher with sorrow bowed her head,

"We ought to, ah, this we surely know!
Your gods never suffered and died for you—
Never offered their kinship with you to share,
Or gave you a gospel divine and true."

Then from her arose this prayer:—

"Oh, Father, grant that thy people may see
The love that withheld not Thy dear only Son,
And may give of the best that they have to Thee,
The only true God, the blest three in one."

"May they think of the thousands lost every hour
Throughout the broad earth, in the east and west,
Because they do not all that lies in their power,
Because they withhold of their best."

The heathen woman makes her sacrifice in a way that helps no one, brings no peace or joy, nothing but sorrow. How much more willingly should we give when we know that in the hands of God our sacrifice will bring love, peace, joy—yea, Christ himself to many sin-darkened hearts. Our sacrifice is the measure of our love. Great love makes great sacrifices. God so loved the world that He gave all, His only begotten Son, for us. Christ gave all. He withheld nothing. Shall we do less than give our all to Him to be used in His work. May we feel as did David Livingstone, who said; "I place no value on anything I have or possess except in its relation to the Kingdom of Christ."

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Chicago Mission

Our city has just passed thru the greatest snow storm experienced here in eighteen years, so says the weather bureau. The